

*The Historie of*

Which 1400. yeares agoe were nailde,  
For our aduantage on the bitter Crosse:  
But this our purpose is twelue month old,  
And bootles tis to tell you we will go.  
Therefore we meete not now: then let me heare  
Of you my gentle Coosen *Westmerland*,  
What yesternight our Counsell did decree,  
In forwarding this decre expedience.

*West.* My liege, this haste was hot in question,  
And many limits of the charge set downe  
But yesternight, when all athwart there came  
A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heauy newes;  
Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,  
Leading the men of *Herdfordshire* to fight  
Against the irregular and wilde *Glendower*,  
Was by the rude handes of that Welchman taken,  
A thousand of his people butchered:  
Vpon whose dead corps there was such misuse,  
Such beastly shameles transformation  
By those Welchwomen done, as may not be  
(Without much shame) retold or spoken of.

*King.* It seemes then, that the tidings of this broile,  
Brake off our busines for the Holy land.

*West.* This matcht with other like, my gracions L.  
Far more vneuen and vnwelcome newes,  
Came from the North, and thus it did report:  
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotspur* there  
Young *Harry Percy*, and brane *Archibald*,  
That euer valiant and approued *Scot*,  
At *Holmedon* met, where they did spend  
A sad and bloody houre:  
As by discharge of their Artillarie,  
And shape of likelihood the newes was told:  
For he that brought them, in the very heate  
And pride of their contention, did take Horse,  
Vncertaine of the issue any way.

*King.* Here is a deare, and true industrious friend,  
*Sir Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horse,

Strainde

*Henry the fourth.*

Stainde with the variation of each soyle,  
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this seat of ours;  
And he hath brought vs smooth and welcome newes,  
The Earle of *Dowglas* is discomfited,  
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two and twentie Knights  
Balkt in their owne blood did *Sir Walter* see  
On *Holmedons* plaines: of prisoners *Hotspur* took  
*Mordake* Earle of *Fife*, and eldest sonne  
To beaten *Dowglas* and the Earle of *Arboll*  
Of *Murrey*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*:  
And is not this an honourable spoyle?

A gallant prize? Ha, Coosen is it not? In sayth it is.

*West.* A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

*King.* Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sinne  
In enuy, that my Lord *Northumberland*,  
Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne:  
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honours tongue,  
Amongst a Groue, the very straightest Plant,  
Who is sweete Fortunes Minion and her pride,  
Whilst I by looking on the praise of him,  
See Ryot and Dishonour staine the brow  
Of my young *Harry*. O that it could be prou'd,  
That some night-tripping Fairy had exchange  
In Cradle clothes, our Children where they lay,  
And cal'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*,  
Then would I haue his *Harry*, and he mine,  
But let him from my thoughtes: What thinke you Coose  
Of this young *Percies* pride? The Prisoners  
Which he in this aduenture hath surprisde,  
To his owne vse he keepes, and sendes me word  
I shall haue none but *Mordake* Earle of *Fife*.

*West.* This is his Vnckles teaching; This is *Worcester*,  
Maleuolent to you in all aspectes:  
Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp  
The crest of Youth against your dignitie.

*King.* But I haue sent for him to answere this:  
And for this cause a while we must neglect  
Our holy purpose to *Ierusalem*.

A<sub>3</sub>

Coosen